UNFINISHED

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# Unfinished Works

By SarahRuRu

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Chapter 1

# Mindreader (Chapters 1-3)

Mindreader

Chapter 1: Vacation

Point of view: Nichole

Nichole pulled another sticky note off the pad and threw it away, then smiled at the number left on the piece of paper, two. "Yes! Only two days left till I can get away from this horrible town!" Nichole said happily. "What was that, Nichole?" Mrs. Shadowed shouted up the stair case thinking, "Why is she always talking to herself? Does she have some mental condition? Maybe I should ask about it... No, because that would be mean. Why am I thinking these things?

She's just a normal teenager for heaven's sake... Hmm... what should I make for dinner?" "Nothing, mom, I was just happy that we are going to New York soon for vacation. Why, did you think I was like, talking to myself? Haha, it's not like I have a mental condition or anything, jeez." Nichole said with a satisfied smirk. It was not her fault her mom was such a good projector. Before she got carried away into her own thoughts, she listened to see what her mom was thinking now... "Whoa. That was odd. See, she even said she does not have a mental condition... although do the crazy people think they are crazy? Ah, I still haven't decided what I'm making for dinner... get back on topic, Lisa!" "Oh, mom, can we have lasagna for dinner?" Nichole asked to screw around with her mom's mind once more. "Um, yeah sure." The surprise in Mrs. Shadow's voice was evident. "You'd think she would get used to this by now... it's been what, four years?" Nichole said to herself sarcastically. "Hmm. What to do, what to do." Nichole said as she walked over to her dresser where her iHome © is and turned on her iPod © to play some Bullet For My Valentine. "I think I'll start

packing." Nichole said making up her mind. "It's never too early to pack, besides, that's my least favorite part of going on vacation anyway. Might as well get it over and done with." Nichole said to herself and pulled out her black suitcase from her closet. "Now, New York is supposed to be really hot this time of year so, I'll pack short sleeves and shorts." Nichole said and started naming off the other items she would need. "Oh, and I can't forget my precious iPod © and Skullcandyz ©!" Nichole said and grabbed a Post-it © to write them down on so she could stick it on her TV and see it the morning she was leaving. "There." Nichole said when she was done. After, Nichole went and finished her packing. When she was done she climbed in bed and immediately falling asleep dreaming of New York.

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Mindreader

Chapter 2: New York

Point of view: Andy

Andy walked outside of the apartment complex that he lived in with his parents and started on his way to the airport. He had no idea why he was wanted to go there, but her did. Andy walked past Times Square and down Broadway his music blasting in his ears. Luckily, there were not any people near by so he could concentrate, and walk peacefully. When he arrived at the airport, Andy did not know what to do so he waited behind a pillar for a while. After about five minutes of waiting, he saw a girl who looked his age and her parents walking to the side of the street so they could hale a cab. They were about twenty feet away from Andy. Andy had some weird interest in the girl, it seemed like he knew her from somewhere or something odd like that. Andy tried to recall the people he had met throughout the years, and her face never popped up. "Hmm." Andy said wondering why he felt a connection to her. Just as soon as he said that, her head turned and she looked directly at him. When they had eye contact, he could read her thoughts. She was thinking about him, and she was wondering why he was thinking about her. Andy pondered that for a second and went over what he

just read. "Wait, what?" Andy said aloud surprised. "She can read thoughts just like me?" Andy said and looked over at her again. He wanted to see if he just read her wrong or if she could actually read her thoughts but, when he looked back she was gone. "NO! I have to find her!" Andy said practically shouting. He then looked around and saw people giving him weird glances and he started walking back home, thinking, "I will find that girl. She is staying here somewhere. Hmm what's going on tomorrow? Oh yeah, there's a Green Day concert... I wonder if she will be there? Hmm... I guess I can try... If she is not there, I can always try the tourist attractions, and the stores. Yeah, that's what I'll do." Andy was in front of his apartment complex now. "Hey, George. Thanks." Andy said greeting the doorman and saying thank you for opening up the door for him. Andy quickly walked to the elevator and pressed the button for his floor. Once the elevator stopped, there was a tiny hallway and then a door. His family owned the whole fifth floor. He quickly unlocked and opened the door and ran to his room flopping onto the bed immediately. Then he

began planning where he would go tomorrow to try to find the fellow mindreader.

© SarahRuRu Mindreader

Chapter 3: Sight-seeing

Point of view: Nichole

Nichole went to her suitcase and dug through it until she found her diary. Once she did, she went over to the door that joined the two hotel rooms together, and shut it quietly, making sure not to disturb her parents in the other room. Once she was sure that no one was going to come barge in while she was writing, Nichole laid down on the king size hotel bed and started writing. So far, New York has been awesome. I was really excited when I got off the airplane, and finally to the actual city. I expected a lot more "noise", but maybe it's just because we haven't really gone anywhere yet, we're jet lagged, even though we are on California time, we're tired. Tomorrow, mom and dad said that they are going to some pretentious business meeting, so I will be 'home' alone all morning. I begged them to let me go see the city on my own, but they said it is too

dangerous. Stupid 'rents. I plan on sneaking out the second they leave. I brought the perfect outfit too, it's a Bullet For My Valentine shirt, for the self-titled Bullet For My Valentine album, and a really cute pair of black skinny jeans. I cut the shirt on the sides into little strips and tied the strips back together so it fits me well. Oh, I also got these really cute new flats, they look sort of like Vans © tennis shoes, but they are flats and they don't have laces, I love them. I'm not sure what I am going to do first tomorrow. I Google © Mapped my hotel, and there is a lot of tourist attractions near by. I think I'll decide in the morning. Hmm. What else happened today? Oh yeah! The weirdest thing happened, mom, dad, and I were just walking out of the airport when I saw this guy who looked about my age, staring at me. It was so weird, I tried to get a read on his thoughts, but there was something blocking them. I did not have any time to remove his defenses because the stupid taxi pulled up. The guy was hot though, maybe I'll see him around tomorrow. Haha, yeah right, this city is huge there is absolutely no way that I'll see him again. Oh well, even if I did find him, he is probably

not interested in a girl like me, I am too weird. Too different. Oh crap, the 'rents are awake, better go! XXXXXXOOOOOO, Nichole Shadowed <3 Nichole quickly shut her diary and ran over to her suitcase. She dug out a few articles of clothing, and put the diary in their place, then placed the clothing back on top, just as she finished, Mrs. Shadowed walked in. "Have a nice nap, mom?" Nichole said trying to sound casual. "Yeah hun, thanks. I was just coming in to see if you are hungry." Mrs. Shadowed said with a odd look on her face. "Yeah, what are we having for dinner?" Nichole said ignoring the odd look and slipped into her mom's mind to read her thoughts. "Hmm. I wonder what Nichole was doing in here, she does not have anything out and the TV is not on... It hardly looks like she's done anything since I fell asleep. What is up with this girl? Oh well, I am hungry... I hope she wants something easy so that Frank and I can go out... Oh wait, is she talking?" Mrs. Shadowed quickly snapped back, and listened to what Nichole was saying. "Sure, can we all eat in?" Nichole said a hopeful look on her face. Nichole was about to check her mom's thoughts again, but there

was no need, you could see what she thought about that clearly, it was written all over her face. "NO!" "I guess, what do you want?" Mrs. Shadowed said, looking sad. "Hmm... Pizza sounds good." Nichole said with a smile. Mission piss mom off, accomplished.

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**A/N: I am currently putting Mindreader on hold, sorry. As of 7.31.09

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Chapter 2

# Shadowynight High by SarahRuRu

**A/N: I couldn't wait to put it up, here's the finished version of Shadowynight High. Please comment and rate, I worked really hard! If you're bored, feel free to check out my other stories. <3 SarahRuRu Re-uploaded due to spacing issues.**

Shadowynight High

Preface

Point of view: Amy

You know when you read all of those books where the murderer goes to live in another town halfway around the world to escape their past and they never

get caught? Well, I thought I could do the same. Not that I'm a murderer or anything. I just thought that if you go to another school two states over no one would know you. I was right at first, but then he showed up. No, this isn't a figurative "he", "he" is an actual person. I mean, seriously, who refers to their past as a "he" anyway? But, as I was saying, everything is fine until he comes, I had an almost-boyfriend, a secret identity, good grades, and well, a legal guardian. What more could a girl ask for? Let me start my story from where it should start; the beginning of it all. Before I was in Oregon; before I had met my potential boyfriend; before I was enrolled at Shadowynight High; before I even thought of sending myself to boarding school; before I was a freak of nature; before even my guardian didn't want me. Most importantly, before he showed up. Then. The good old days. XoXoXo, Amy Roseshield

Shadowynight High

Chapter 1: Memories

Point of view: Amy Time: 4:50 A.M. Location: Amy's bedroom

From the day I turned ten, I knew I was not a normal kid. I first noticed my powers on my tenth birthday. I remember the day like it was yesterday. I was standing in front of my birthday cake and everyone had just finished singing Happy Birthday. I looked around at all of my friends and family as I thought of my wish I looked over to the right and I noticed the chandelier was shaking. I then looked below the chandelier and saw a kid from my fifth grade class that Ann insisted I invite. Although I did not know him personally, I knew I could not let him get smashed by a chandelier. The second I knew I wanted to save him, I was over by the chandelier and I pulled him back a split second before it fell to the floor, shattering. Everyone stared at me, shocked. The boy just looked at me with his eyes open really wide. It looked painful. When I noticed all of the weird looks, I panicked and ran upstairs to my room and shut the door, afraid of their judgements and conclusions. That was the first time I noticed my powers, and every time since, I have freaked out and ran to my room for safety. Everyone at school heard about my super speed, and it started crazy rumors.

By the time I graduated middle school, I knew I could not go to high school in the tiny town I grew up in. Ann would not listen, so I started acting out so she would send me somewhere else, somewhere where nobody knew me. Scratch that, thought they knew me. I never talked to the classmate I saved, he would think I was a freak. Even if I saved his life. At the end of the year, I finally convinced Ann to let me go to a private school two states away. It is called Shadowynight High. I start school in two days, and I have already packed up all of my stuff and memorized my schedule. I cannot wait to get to Oregon. I do not care if I do not know anyone there; I am just ready to leave. Shadowynight seems like a normal high school to me. It is a boarding school, so I have packed practically everything I own. I get to come home for Winter Break, and Spring Break and trust me, I will not be counting the days till then like every other student. I think Shadowynight will be my safe haven. I will just have to wait and see. There are approximately two thousand students at Shadowynight, and I cannot wait to meet all of them. I have to share my room with three other people and

I think that's going to be interesting. Since I have lived with Ann, I have had my own room. Ann adopted me when I was two because my parents could not afford having a child, financially. I do not remember then at all, and Ann has been a wonderful mother to me, well at least before the 'incident' as I call it. After, Ann seemed depressed and I feel bad for her, all she has ever wanted is a normal life. I did not help her when I started acting out either. I have tried to stay away from her as much as I can so I do not remind her about her abnormal life. That's why I think she let me go to boarding school, so I wouldn't be here to remind her of her problems, and the fact that I have been going through an, and I quote, 'unruly teen period'. Well, that was planned out, so I guess she is right. Right now, I am deciding how I want my hair for Shadowynight because Ann said she would take me to get it cut tomorrow. For the past hour I have been moving it this way and that and I finally decided to have my blonde hair cut to my shoulders with long side bangs. I cannot wait. Well ta-ta for now, I am going to go to bed, it is almost five am. XoXoXo, Amy Roseshield

Shadowynight High Chapter 2: Bus ride

Point of view: Michael Time: 5:00 PM Location: Bus depot

The enrollment information said that we have to come to this bus depot and go on bus number twenty-seven so that it can take us to Shadowynight High. Mostly everyone flew in from out of state to come here. I have no idea why we had to come to this particular buss stop though, it's going to take forever to get to Oregon; we're in freaking California. It is going to take fifteen and a half-hours to get to Portland. Fifteen and a half hours! How are we supposed to sit on a bus for fifteen hours? That is insane. Hopefully we will make some stops on the way. Oh, I have to go they are calling us to board. Peace, Michael Hawthorn

All right, we have been on the road for two hours now, I got stuck next to this chick and she's so annoying. All she does is talk, talk, talk. I finally got to write because she fell asleep. Thirteen more hours to go. I think that I will see if I can change seats at the rest stop in... three hours. Oh gosh. I am going to try

and sleep now because I think it might be my only chance with Miss.-talk-a-lot here. Peace, Michael Hawthorn

I woke up to the sound of the bus driver saying that we are two minutes away from the rest stop. I cannot wait to get up and out of this cramped buss. I am hungry too. Haha, I cannot believe I am hungry at ten o' clock at night. Oh well. Maybe there will be some vending machines or something. Well, I have to go. Peace, Michael Hawthorn

Yum! I got some chips and a few snacks. I persuaded the buss driver to let me eat on the buss, I mean come on, it is a fifteen-hour trip, and we are going to get hungry. They would not let me change seats for "safety purposes" yeah right. I think they are just trying to torture me. I think I am going to pretend to sleep so that I do not have to listen to the chatterbox anymore. She keeps going on and on about how much she loves my long blonde hair and all this annoying crap. My hair is not even that long; it is just a little bit past my ears, jeez. Oh well. Night, Michael Hawthorn

I am so freaking mad! Miss. talk-a-lot thought it would be, and I quote "cute" if she surprised me by cutting my hair. When I woke up and saw my reflection in the window, I had to do a double take. I look horrible! I really really do not like her now. She is insane! What kind of person cuts other peoples' hair while they sleep? She should be on a bus to a mental hospital now a school, right now. Grr! Now she is asleep. Maybe I should cut her hair and see how she likes it. Peace, Michael Hawthorn

Shadowynight High

Chapter 3: Orientation

Point of view: Amy Time: 10:35 AM Location: Meeting Hall

We just got off the bus five minutes ago, and they handed us maps. Maps! What kind of school requires a three-page map to get around? They said to meet at the meeting hall for orientation. So, here I am in the meeting hall. There are not any teachers around, so I started to write in here. The bus ride was okay; I was next to some guy who did not really say much, but he introduced himself as Adrian. He spent most of the

bus ride talking to the guys around us, so I slept for the majority of it. To say the least, I am well rested. Oh yeah, I saw the funniest thing! A couple of seats in front of me, I saw a guy sleeping against the window, and there was this blonde girl who was apparently bored, and she cut his cute hair really short. I was trying really hard not to laugh. I mean who cuts someone else's hair on a bus? Oh well, it is not my problem. I have to go the orientation is starting. XoXoXo, Amy Roseshield

Okay, the meeting just ended, it was okay. They gave us our dorm assignments, and since there is an odd number of guys, I have to room with some guy name Michael. I hope he is hot. I cannot wait. This will be interesting. I am surprised they let us have coed rooming. Oh well, I will have to talk to you later, here he comes, I think, I mean, why would some random guy walk up to me? Oh dang, he is HOT! XoXoXo, Amy Roseshield

Time: 12:00 PM Location: Amy and Michael's dorm room

I was right; the guy who approached me a few hours ago was my dorm buddy, Michael. He introduced himself, and we talked a little bit. He seems pretty cool. We decided to go up to our dorm and unpack he let me pick which bedroom I wanted. I chose the smaller one because I do not require as much space, I mean I am like half a foot shorter than he is, haha. I just realized he has like total OCD, I stepped outside my room a few minutes ago to grab a glass of water from the mini kitchen, and I saw him like, organizing everything. I just smirked and walked back into my room with my water. I hope he does not get mad when he realized that I hate cleaning up after myself... That would be annoying. Now I have to finish unpacking, because classes start tomorrow, and I do not want to be living out of suitcases. XoXoXo, Amy Roseshield

Shadowynight High

Chapter 4: Getting Situated

Point of view: Michael Time: 6:00 PM Location: Michael and Amy's dorm

I just finished unpacking, and everything has a place now. Ugh, I hate how I have like, OCD. I hope that Amy can keep all of her stuff in her room where I cannot see it... Wait, she is knocking on my door... Amy came to see if I wanted her to make me dinner. I asked what she was making, and she said, "Mac and cheese." And blushed, as if fourteen-year-old girls are not allowed to have mac and cheese. I replied, "Sure, I'll clean up." With a smile on my face trying to show her that it was not embarrassing to have mac and cheese; it is actually one of my favorite foods. I thought it was kind of cute actually, her offering to make dinner. I think I am going to like living here. But, I had better go, I want to be nice and see if she needs any help. Peace, Michael Hawthorn

Time: 7:30 PM

We just got done with dinner. It was awkward, but nice. I learned a lot about Amy, like she lived in San Juan Capistrano, California before she came here, and I told her that I only lived twenty minutes away, in Las Flores, California. She is allergic to peanuts, and put an Epi-Pen in the side drawer in the kitchen;

she also explained how to use it. She normally gets good grades, and is into rock. I told her about me, like how the girl on the bus cut my hair, and she confessed that she saw it. I got somewhat mad, but she looked genuinely sorry so I let it slide. She then offered to do my hair in the morning, because her guardian is a hair stylist. I told her I would think about it. I think that would be cute though, to have a girl do my hair for me. She does not seem like the type that would make it look ugly to make me look bad. I might take her up on that. She explained how the food system works, where you go to the first floor, yes, there are floors in our high school, and follow the signs to the "nutrition center". When you get there, you put in your student PIN number, and select if you want to get food that you can cook later, or have cash applied to a card so you can eat out. You get to pick which you want to do each week. She said that this week she used her money for the "get food for later" option, and that I could do whatever I wanted. I immediately felt bad, because I was eating her food. I apologized and she just blushed and laughed it off, saying there was no way she was going

to eat all of the mac and cheese herself. I promised I would treat her to dinner later this week, and she smiled, but when she saw me look, she quickly tried to hide it. I hope she does not think this is a date; I do not like her that way. Heck, I hardly know her. Oh well, she seemed happy, so my guilt went away. I am going to practice guitar for a while, then sleep because classes are tomorrow. Night, Michael Hawthorn

Shadowynight High

Chapter 5: Mixed Signals

Point of view: Amy Time: 5:00 AM Location: Michael and Amy's dorm

I cannot sleep; I am too excited for classes. I hate the anticipation of the first day. Last night, I dreamt about how amazing Michael is. I cannot believe how sweet he is! It's creepy, all of the middle school guys were such jerks, and then I come here and the first, well second, but I don't think the bus guy should count, guy I meet is a total gentlemen. I wonder what is wrong with him, because life just cannot work out this way. There is no way that I am coincidentally

paired with like, my dream guy. It just does not work out. Last night, when I asked him if he wanted to do my hair, I totally thought he would say no, I mean, he just met me for heaven's sake. Then again, he could just be polite. I am not sure. Should I wake him up? 'Cause if he does want his hair done, we would have to start now. I do not want him to feel pressured now though. Hmm... what to do? What to do? I think I will wake him up just incase, and tell him that it is not obligatory. XoXoXo, Amy Roseshield

Time: 5:15

Oh my gosh! That was so embarrassing. I went to wake him up, and he thought I was in trouble or something, probably with my allergies, so he shot out of bed, and came out to see if I was okay. When he opened the door and practically ran me over, he was only in his boxers! At first, I could not even speak, I was so shocked. When I came to my senses, I said, "Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry! I just wanted to see if you still wanted me to do my hair, sorry!" sounding totally panicked and I bet I was blushing like crazy. He just looked at me wonderingly, and said, "Sure, let

me go get dressed." And walked back into his room and grabbed a pair of jeans and a tee-shirt out of the closet. He did not even look ashamed. Does he like, have people see him in his boxers all the time or something? I turned around to give him space, although he did not shut his door, but not before I saw how amazing he looks. Well, I saw before, but I was in too much of a stupor to pay attention very well. He has a freaking six-pack! Maybe that is why he does not care if I see him practically undressed, because he knows how hot he is? I am not sure. I was debating this in my head, when all of a sudden, I felt a tap on my shoulder, and I jumped like, six feet in the air, frightened. When I turned around, I saw Michael, fully dressed, and he put his hands on my arms, to try to calm me down, I assume. Like that helped though, it only made my heart beat faster. I muttered another "Sorry." And turned around, heading towards the bathroom, assuming that Michael was following me. Once we were there, I started cutting his hair a little bit to make it even on the ends, and then I brushed it out all nice and perfect. When I was done, I told him to shake his

head side to side, like you were saying "no" and wow, he even looked sexy while doing that. I then checked the ends again, and used my fingers to mess his hair up a little. Apparently Michael liked the feeling of my fingers going through his hair because he groaned a little. I smirked and asked if that felt good, feeling bold. He replied with a sexy "yes" his voice sounding really deep and husky. I continued to go through his hair with my fingers a little bit longer, but then all of a sudden a weird expression crossed his face. Before I knew what was happening he shot up off the side of the bathtub and looked at me, with a pained look across his features. I immediately stopped, and asked, "what's wrong" most likely with a confused look on my face. I awaited his reply, but all he did was mumble "Thanks, I love it." Give me a quick hug, and rush out of the bathroom. I must have sat there, in the bathroom, looking like an idiot, for a good ten minutes before I started getting myself ready. I have no idea how I am going to go through classes today, I am going to be replaying that moment repeatedly, and not be able to concentrate. Thanks a lot, not.

Shadowynight High

## Chapter 6: Confusion and Self-hate

Point of view: Michael Time: 6:00 AM Location: In line with the rest of the freshman, getting his schedule

I cannot believe I let my control slip earlier. I am such an idiot. I only went one freaking day without breaking my promise. One day! How weak am I? The Leaders are going to be so mad when they find out about this. The four-year-old-fledgling is now a four-year-old-fledgling failure. That will be just great. I am totally going to avoid Amy for the next few days, and then she will hate me, and avoid me herself. Maybe she will even request a roommate change. I hate myself. Oh, look I am next. I wonder if I got any classes with Amy? No! I cannot think about her anymore! I already slipped up once; I can do it again in a heartbeat. Bad! Oh, oops I guess I should stop writing and grab my paper. Peace, Michael Hawthorn

Time: 6:30 AM Location: Homeroom

Just my luck, all of my classes but one are with Amy. This is not going to be easy. I am glad that I am strong-willed; this is going to take everything I have got. I

am going to have to plan my day around hers; I will ask her what she plans on doing after class, where she is going to eat lunch. If I ever have to be by her, I will go straight to my room, and hang out there until she has gone. I will focus on my studies, and get good grades. I will practice guitar more. I think I can deal with this. Oh, crap, the teacher's coming. I better-

Time: 7:10 AM Location: Second period

Wow, I'm so stupid, I couldn't think of an excuse to get my notebook back, and right before the teacher takes it, I hear, "Excuse, me?" in a quiet voice, and I see Amy looking over at the teacher. The teacher quickly says, "Yes?" sounding inpatient. "That's mine, sorry, Michael must have found it and was reading it to see who it belongs to." Amy said sounding totally innocent. Wow, I have to learn how to do that. The teacher promptly walked over to Amy's desk and plopped my notebook down, with a glare at me. I then let out a breath I did not know I was holding, but then I thought, "What if she reads it? Then I'm screwed!" and went into a panic again, but I looked over just in time, and saw Amy slide the notebook

into her bag, minding her own business. I was so relieved. When I walked into this classroom, I saw my notebook on an empty desk with a post it note on the cover. It was from Amy, and read, "Here, I didn't read it I swear. XoXoXo, Amy" I was grateful, but she was not making hating here easy. She is just too sweet! Grr! Well, I'm going to stop writing so I don't get caught again, that would be embarrassing, especially with Amy in this class, I don't want her to think I'm an idiot. Wait, NO! I do not care what she thinks! Grr! Stupid, stupid, stupid! Peace, Michael Hawthorn

Shadowynight High

Chapter 7: Anger Issues

Point of view: Amy Time: 12:30 PM Location: Michael and Amy's dorm

Wow, today was a surprise. I could not really concentrate at all due to the Michael incident this morning, but I tried my best. The only time I was really awake was when I saw the teacher walk to Michael's desk. I had been sneaking glances at him all class period and I had recently noticed that he had

started writing in something. He did not really pay attention when the teacher started approaching him, but I knew she was coming to take away his notebook so he would listen. When she was in front of Michael's desk, he looked up with a panicked look on his sexy face, and I felt bad. I hoped he had a good excuse, but when he just sat there, freaking out, I decided he needed my help. I knew how to make her give me his notebook, due to watching other students get caught in middle school, and I of course ended up getting it. When the teacher walked away, glaring at Michael, I felt bad for him again. Poor guy. I really wanted to read the notebook, but if he saw me, he would get mad, and I did not want that so I just slid it into my backpack. I then resumed half-paying attention, and half replaying the morning's events in my head. It is now lunch, and the students are free to go to the cafeteria, one of the on-campus restaurants, or eat in their dorm. I chose to go to my dorm so I could write in here without having people try and read over my shoulder. Tomorrow, I will stay out of the dorm and meet some people; maybe I can

actually make friends here. Well, I should eat, bye! XoXoXo, Amy Roseshield

Time: 1:00 PM

I should probably leave, but the weirdest thing just happened. I was packing up my stuff, and then Michael walked in. My stomach immediately did a little flip, and I turned to smile at him, but he just ignored me. I said "hi" but he just walked into his room and shut the door. I wonder what happened. Should I go and try to talk to him, or should I leave him alone? Hmm. I think I will go knock on his door, and see what's going on... XoXoXo, Amy Roseshield

Time: 1:10 PM

Well, someone is grumpy. I asked what's up, and Michael just glared, and asked if I planned eating in here everyday. I said that I will not be tomorrow, but I might later in the semester. He looked at me, and said, "Great," all sarcastically. What? Does he think he owns the rights to eating in the dorm now? Gosh. What is wrong with him? I wish he would talk to me, keeping your emotions to yourself is bad, I would know. I think I might eat here tomorrow out of spite.

I will show him. Well I really need to run, because arguing with him made it so that I am running late, and there is no possible way that I can be late on my first day. Luckily, my next class does not include Michael. Woo, fifth period! XoXoXo, Amy Roseshield

Shadowynight High

Chapter 8: Promises

Point of view: Michael Time: 1:20 PM Location: Michael and Amy's dorm room

I hate this. Amy saw how mad I was and, still tried to comfort me. Even when I ignored her! Why can't she get the message so that I can stop seeing her face fall, and then turn into a look of pure sadness? I hate hate hate it! She looks so helpless, and I have to use every ounce of my self-control to not get up and hug her. Every freaking ounce! I am such a wimp! I cannot make one freaking girl sad. One girl! My parents raised me way too well. Jeez. I am so mad at myself, I think that I am going to ditch my fifth period class. Lucky for me, Amy isn't there so she will not know if I ditch as long as I make it to sixth. Then it will only be one hour until I can become a recluse and hide in

my room for the rest of the night. Yes! Oh, I still owe her dinner though... Hmm how can I manage that? Oh! I know, I can be productive now, and make her something delicious, then stick it in the microwave for her to heat up later, and I will put a note in her room so she knows. It is the least I could do. I might break her heart, but I will not break a promise. I'm going to go Google © some recipes that I can use to make her an awesome dinner. Good thing I have a huge family, and have had to make dinner before. Peace, Michael Hawthorn

Time: 1:30 PM

Cool, that was easy. I am going to make her pepperoni pizza, and some brownies. All I need to do is roll out the pre-made crust, and put some Marinara sauce, cheese, and pepperoni on it and cook at 350 degrees. When that is done, I will make the brownies, and put the brownies on the mini stovetop, and the pizza in the microwave. Sweet! Peace, Michael Hawthorn

Time: 1:50 PM

Wow, that was a piece of cake. The pizza is perfect, if I do not say so myself, and the brownies smell delicious. Too bad I cannot have any. All I need to do now is make a little card, and then run off to class. I have ten minutes. For her card, I will put something short like "bon appetite" or "I promised you dinner, here it is. Hope you like it" not anything too cheesy. Haha, pizza, cheesy. Anyway, I am going to go do that, and then I am out. Oh, dang, I just remembered, I have to go into her room. I hope she has not left anything personal out. Will she get mad at me and yell at me for "invading her personal space"? I hope... Wow, I am an idiot, I almost put I hope not, but um, reality check, I hope so. Note to self: I am trying to make her hate me, not freaking love me! Jeez. Crap, there is only five minutes left before I am late to class. Bye! Peace, Michael Hawthorn

Shadowynight High

Chapter 9: Bipolar

Point of view: Amy Time: 3:30 PM Location: Michael and Amy's dorm room

Well, this is odd. I came home, there was a note on my bed, and at first, I thought Ann might have sent me a letter and Michael put it on my bed for me, but no, the letter was from Michael. It read, "I don't break promises, go look in the kitchen." So, I immediately went into the kitchen, and on the stovetop, I saw a plate with delicious brownies, and I was going to heat one up, but when I opened the microwave, I saw a personal pepperoni pizza. At first I could not even function, I was so stunned. I mean, come on, what fourteen-year-old guy can cook that well? I turned on the microwave and heated up my pizza, amazed. While it was cooking, I grabbed one of the brownies he made me, and went to the mini fridge and grabbed some ice cream. I then proceeded to put some ice cream on the brownie, and put it on a plate looking totally gourmet. I must have had perfect timing, because the second I was done, the microwave beeped signaling it was done cooking the pizza, and I grabbed a slice and put it onto another plate. I grabbed the brownie al le mode and pizza and walked over to Michael's door. I thought he would just answer or call me in; so when he did not I

thought that he might not be home. Therefore, I just walked in planning to put the food next to his bed where he can have it when he gets back. But, when I walked in, I saw Michael sitting on his bed, crying. I was immediately taken aback. I have never seen a guy cry in my life. After a few seconds of me standing there awkwardly, I decided that I should go comfort him, so I walked over and put the food on his desk, then went to the bed where he was sitting. When I got there, I put my arms around him, and oh my gosh, it felt so perfect, him and me together. Apparently Michael didn't feel the same, because when I put my arms around him, he leaned in at first, as if he needed me and my touch, but a few seconds later, he sprung back away from me, breaking my grasp. I felt hurt, but he needed me so I tried not to show it, and asked him what's wrong. He did not reply at first, but then I told him it is okay, and he said simply, "You." I was confused at first, I did not really get what he meant, but then I put it together, he said I am the problem. I am causing this pain. Me. I was shocked to the core, and tried unsuccessfully to hold back my own tears. I quietly

said, "enjoy your dinner, and thanks." And backed out of the room, crying. Now, I am in my room, still crying, and I am going to go to the Headmaster's office tomorrow to request a new dorm mate. Yippee, we lasted a whole freaking day and a half. I am too depressed to continue. I am going to blast some music, and sleep if I can so much for dinner. XoXoXo, Amy Roseshield Time: 5:00 AM

I am awake, I think I cried myself to sleep last night. Ugh, I am going to look like crap today. Well, I had better go get ready before Michael is up. I do not want to see his face ever again. I cannot wait to change dorms and get away from that freak. Wait, what is that? Oh, someone is knocking on my door... Hold on... How weird, Michael was just at my door, and was acting totally normal, what is going on with him, is he like, bipolar? Jeez. He was acting really sweet though, he asked if I wanted to get ready first, or if I wanted to sleep longer, and have him get ready and wake me up when he's done. I said he can go ahead, so now I am going to sleep for probably a half-hour or so. Night, Amy Roseshield

Shadowynight High

## Chapter 10: Natural Instincts

Point of view: Michael Time: 5:10 AM Location: Michael and Amy's apartment

I am such a loser. I totally regret last night, Amy came in offering me food, even thought I made it, it was a sweet gesture, and I turned it down, along with her comfort. Why? I am so stupid, "If I act like I hate her, she'll go away." If anything, it made her worse, she just kept trying. Then, again with the comfort, she sees me crying and does not walk out thinking I need privacy, she knows what I need, a friend. My natural instinct was to lean into her embrace, but no, I was playing mean, heartless Michael, and I had to break her embrace, as much as I liked it. Oh gosh, then there is the way she reacted, the expression on her face, total sadness, and then the worst part, she started crying! Crying for heaven's sake, I swear I was having a war with myself so that I would not get up and comfort her. When I thought about that, I almost cried more. I am such an idiot. There is no way I can be mean to her; she is way too nice. I guess

I am going to have to be the nice Michael again, and pray I do not get too attached to her. Well, I had better go, she said I can get ready first, and I had better do that, or else, she will be late to class, and I cannot have that. Peace, Michael Hawthorn

Time: 5:55 AM Location: Just outside Amy's room

Oh gosh. I just opened the door to Amy's room, and I saw her, asleep. She looks so peaceful; I really do not want to disturb her. Should I say that I lost track of time, and let her wake up on her own? No, that would be heartless. I guess I have to do it. Crap. Be right back. Peace, Michael Hawthorn

Time: 6:10 AM Location: Michael's room

Wow, that was embarrassing, I went into her room, saw her asleep, and climbed into her bed. Yes, I climbed into her freaking bed. I have no idea what came over me; I just hopped right in. I am such an idiot! She stayed asleep for a little bit, but once she rolled over, she put her arm over my chest, do not even get me started on how good that felt, and hopped up totally freaking out. I felt so bad; she just had like a heart attack. I immediately hoped out

myself and went around the bed to calm her down, but then I realized what I had just done, I just freaking got into a bed with her while she was asleep! What am I a rapist? Jeez. I was so embarrassed, I just backed out and mumbled, "Sorry, sorry, sorry!" How stupid can I get? I mean seriously, how awkward is it going to be talking to her now? I might as well say, "Remember me, I'm the guy who hopped into your bed while you were sleeping!" every time I see her, because that is what her mind is going to do. I am going to go get back into bed and hope I die. Peace, Michael Hawthorn

Shadowynight High

Chapter 11: The Hard Truth

Point of view: Amy Time: 6:30 AM Location: Homeroom

Great, now I am the one who is going to get their notebook taken away for writing in class. I have to write what happened this morning though. It all started after I fell asleep for the second time, I was having a nice dream, too bad I cannot remember what, I can never remember my dreams, just the

feelings they produce. Anyway, back to my story, when I roll over and my arm falls onto someone's chest. I totally freaked out, I mean who is in my room? I was so so so scared. I was expecting a rapist or something. However, when I looked, I saw Michael, getting up and coming over to me. I started backing up, afraid, but he just raised his hands in surrender, and said "Sorry, sorry, sorry!" and backed out of my room. I was so freaking confused, what is wrong with him? People do not just hop into other peoples' beds. That is just not normal. Maybe he needs like counseling or something. The weirdest part though, is when I got up, I could feel my powers come to life, I felt like I could run and never stop, and I could hit with super strength. But what the heck, I'm not supergirl. Jeez. Oh crap, I had better go, the teacher is coming over. XoXoXo, Amy Roseshield

Time: 12:30 PM Location: Cafeteria

Well, yesterday, I said I might want to make Michael mad, by eating in the dorm, because he was being so mean, but he's been nice recently, so I'm going to be nice and eat here, in the cafeteria. I went to Subway

© and ordered a ham sandwich, so I will eat that. Maybe I should look for some people to hang out with... Nah, I am too shy. Wait, someone is walking towards me. Oh, it is Michael, what is he doing here? He said he wanted to have the dorm today... Be right back, I am not going to write as I talk to Michael. XoXoXo, Amy Roseshield

Time: 12:50 PM Location: Michael and Amy's dorm

Well, Michael came and told me to come to the dorm with him because he had something to tell me, so I agreed. The whole time hoping he was not going to say something like "I'm moving out to another dorm, I hope you get a good dorm mate." Or something similar. When we got to the dorm, he said that he had a secret to share with me, but I cannot tell or my life will be endangered. Seriously, those were his exact words. So, I agreed, warily. He said, and I quote, "Well, the thing is I'm a half vampire, that's the reason I've been acting so weird, but I don't drink blood, as you've noticed, and I won't harm you, I swear." I was about to laugh, but when I looked up, he was dead serious. So, I asked him what his powers

are, if he has any. He said, "Yeah, I do, I can be really strong physically at times, I can see the future, but only seconds a head, and I can't control that. Oh, I can also run without stopping for really long periods of time." Now, I was openly gaping at him, I mean, does that not sound familiar? So of course my next question was, "How do you find out that you're a half vampire?" He looked at me with a confused expression, probably wondering why I was not freaking out, and said, "Well, you go through a series of tests." My reply: "What kind of tests?" Now he was really confused, probably because a normal human would not care. He replied back, "You do strength tests, running tests, and a series of things that put you in danger so that they can see if you can see the future. Why?" Now, I was stumped, how was I going to explain that I think I am a half vampire too? That's just one thing that no one can give you tips on. I ended up saying, trying to get to the point, "I think I'm a half vampire." Michael just looked at me warily, like I was a little kid with an overactive imagination and he did not know what I was going to do next. But, he said, "Well, lets get to testing." Therefore, that

is why I am skipping fifth period, and I am doing various tests in the dorm, seeing if I am a half vampire. Oh, I have to go Michael just finished setting up. XoXoXo, Amy Roseshield

Shadowynight High

Chapter 12: Meet the Leaders

Point of view: Michael Time: 6:00 PM Location: Michael and Amy's dorm room

Well, today is officially the weirdest day of my life. I thought that Amy would freak out when I told her I am a half vampire, but no, she wanted to know if she was a half-vampire. I totally thought she was kidding, and could hardly restrain myself from laughing. We spent the rest of the day doing the tests I went through, but I made sure she was safe, unlike how I was when I took my tests. I would hate to lose her. She surprisingly passed all of the tests, so guess what? She is a half vampire too. When I learned this, I was so shocked; I could not even speak. Then I started doubting my tests, so I said that we are going to leave in the morning and that she is going to meet the Leaders. I am going to have to call them and tell

them what's going on and have them excuse us from classes for a couple of days. I wonder how Amy is going to take that, she said that she should not miss anymore classes. I guess I had better go tell her so that she can pack. Peace, Michael Hawthorn

Time: 7:00 PM

That went over... well. At least it was better than I expected. At first, Amy started freaking out, saying that Ann was going to have a heart attack when she noticed her adopted daughter had missed a day of school, because it's a boarding school, and that she will go and hop on a plane to see what's wong with her, and stuff like that. I ended up telling her who we were meeting, and that they would take care of it. After she got a handle on that, I told her our cover story, so that the Leaders wouldn't know that I told her what I am. She agreed reluctently, and said that she was going to start packing, but before I left, she asked what would happen if she was a half-vampire. I told her the truth, that she would have to fake her death and move away from Ann and her hometown. That's when she started crying. At first, I just stood

there awkwardly, but then I remembered how she acted when she saw me crying, and I walked over to the side of her bed where she was sitting with her face in her hands, and put my arms around her, bringing her to my chest. She gasped a little, then leaned in, needing me. I just sat there, saying nothing, waiting for her to stop. A few minutes later, she calmed down, and I pulled back so I could look at her. Even after crying, she was beautiful. When she noticed I was looking, she turned away, and I frowned a little, wondering why should would be afraid of my gaze. I told her "It's okay, you're beautiful." And her head snapped back looking at me in astonishment. I was puzzled, hasn't anyone called her beautiful before? When it donned on me that no one has, I said it again, "You're beautiful, Amy." And she looked at me blushing, and said, "That's a lie. You're just trying to get me to stop crying. No one ever calls me beautiful." With a smug smile on her face, like she new she was right, and wanted to see me admit it. But, she was wrong, I was serious, she is beautiful. I told her so, and left, a smile on my face, then I added, don't forget to pack, we have a long day

tomorrow. Now, I am going to pack myself, and then crawl into bed, and get some well needed rest, you can't see the Leaders without getting beaten up, after all, true vampires are strong, therefor, half-vampires should be too. Night, Michael Hawthorn

Shadowynight High

Chapter 13: The Leaders Know Best

Point of View: Amy Time: 7:00 PM Location: Somewhere top secret

When Michael and I first left in the morning, I was scared, and I think I had every right to be. I was going to someplace unknown, to meet some scary vampires, to see if I was a half-vampire. I can tell you, there's no Chicken Soup book for that. When we went to the dean's office, and told the secretary our names, she asked how we planned on leaving, and I just looked at Michael, not knowing myself. He said cooly, "We're taking a limo, it should be here any second." It took all I had not to let my mouth hang open like an idiot. The secretary just nodded, and said we were dismissed. Once we were outside, I looked at Michael in astonishment and blurted out,

"How are we affording a freaking limo?" he just looked at me like I was stupid and said simply, "We don't. The Leaders are paying." After that, I just stood there, barley holding in all of my seemingly stupid questions. After about five minutes, a black limo pulled up, and before the driver could get out, Michael was at the door holding it open for me. Seeing my hesitation, Michael said, "Don't worry, they won't bite... us at least." And smiled at his own joke. I carefully got in the limo, and once inside, I was glad that there wasn't anyone else there. Shortly after, Michael climbed in. I don't really remmeber what happened after that, but I do remember waking up with my head on Michael's shoulder. When I realized this, I blushed and looked down, embarassed. The car stopped a few minutes later, and Michael informed me we were at the Leaders coven, and opened the door and got out, holding it open for me. I climbed out myself and we walked up the long driveway to the front door of the bigest manshion I have ever seen. The driver opened the door for us, and I assume he's some kind of servent. When Michael and I were safely inside, the servent shut the door quiet

and started walking to the right and Michael followed, so I assumed I should too and followed them into this massive dineing room. The servent departed without a word, and Michael pulled a chair out for me, and himself. I quickly sat down waiting for whatever's next. That's the first time I saw them, the Leaders. They walked in with extreme grace, and even though I am not normally clumsy, they meade me feel like I was. The next thing I noticed was they were extremely pale, like they have never seen the sun before. They were dressed like businessmen, and I imidiatly felt underdressed, with my blonde hair down, and I was wearing a pair of skinny jeans, and a tee-shirt. When I looked up to their faces, their eyes mesmerized me; I couldn't look away as hard as I tried. I'm not going to go through, the rest of the day, there really wasn't anything worth writing about, but I am going to say this, I am really really tired. Let me tell you, those tests they put me through were insane. The Leaders believed our story, and they said they will have the tests resalts by tomorrow morning, and they will tell us then. They are also calling the school and excusing us for one more day so that we can rest

well tonight, and drive back first thing in the morning. Night, Amy Rosesheild

Shadowynight High

Chapter 14: The Phone Call

Point of view: Michael Time: 5:00 AM Location: His room at the Leader's coven

I cannot sleep, so I decided I would write what I did yesterday. It all started at five AM, I woke up and went down stairs to the mail room, where the mail is put into boxes for each student. I went to check mine, and sure enough, the package was there. I opened it and put the pills into my pocket, then threw away the trash and checked my watch, I had five minutes to give them to Amy. I flew up the stairs, not literally of course, I am a half-vampire, not a half-bat, and opened the door to Amy and my dorm. Then, I rushed into the kitchen, made some tea, and popped the pills in. I stirred it until the pills were fully dissolved and knocked on Amy's door and walked in. I told her the tea would help he relax, and she totally believed me. I felt extremely bad, but it had to be done. Later, when we got into the limo, she passed

out on my shoulder. I liked the feeling of her resting on me, but I still felt really bad for drugging her, and promised myself this would the last time. That was all for the morning, but during the tests, I kept wishing that Amy was passing, because then we could be together... if she didn't, well I didn't want to think about that. That is basically the whole reason I can't sleep, my mind keeps thinking, "What if she didn't pass?" "What if you have to lose her forever?" "What then?" I swear, I am going to die if she did not pass. Die. I guess I will go wake her up, we should be leaving soon anyway. Peace, Michael Hawthorn

Time: 6:00 AM Location: Limo

Okay, we are on our way back to the school. Amy is asleep, and no, I did not break my promise and drug her again, she fell asleep on her own. Sadly, she did not fall asleep on my shoulder again. You know what is weird to think about? The fact that I have seen her sleeping, four times now. That is so not normal. Oh well, I am not normal. I am a freaking half-vampire for heaven's sake. Maybe I should rest some too, I don't want to be tired for the news. Do you celebrate

when you find out someone is a half-vampire? Night, Michael Hawthorn

Time: 3:00 PM Location: Shadowynight High

I just heard her cell phone ring, I wonder if it's the Leaders? I hope it is, I am sick on waiting for the answer; I hate anticipation. I am going to go see if it is them, be right back. Peace, Michael Hawthorn

Time: 3:01 PM Location: Michael and Amy's dorm

It is them! Ah! I wonder what they are saying? When I came in to see, Amy mouthed "it's them" and then shooed me out, apparently she wants to know on her own. I hope they say she passed. But, I hope when/if they say yes that Amy doesn't cry because she has to leave Ann... Oh, I think she hung up! I will write later! Peace, Michael Hawthorn

Shadowynight High

Chapter 15: Mixed Emotions

Point of view: Amy Time: 7:00 PM Location: Michael and Amy's dorm room

Michael and I just got done with our celebration dinner. The Leaders said that I am a half vampire. Michael wanted to celebrate and I just played along, I mean I'm happy, but not one hundred percent happy. Michael made the most delicious steak and baked potatoes ever. He put a nice tablecloth and some candles on out table and everything; it looked fabulous. Too bad the dinner was such a downer, the whole time Michael told me the ins and outs of being a half-vampire. We eat human food, act like humans, and sleep like humans, nothing different there, but we have some added bonuses. For Michael, he has to keep everything clean, because it's a side effect of his telekinesis. He can move objects with his mind, but when he's done they have to be put back in their proper place or he can't sleep, like literally, he can't fall asleep until they are back. Another power he has is that he can run really fast, like, insanely fast. I wanted to know exactly how fast, and he said that he can out run an Enzo Ferrari from a standstill. That's fast. He said that he doesn't really know if his powers are done developing or not, they stop when you stop growing and developing. The Leaders said that I have

the running ability, and the ability to see a little bit into the future, but only during emergencies. So, like at my birthday party when I was ten, I saw the chandelier falling, and then I used my running ability to catch it before it fell. I told that to Michael and he was amazed, our powers developed at the same rate, so he said that ewe should be about an even match right now. I asked him when he first noticed his powers, and he looked down with a sad expression on his face and paused. I just sat there, letting him take his time. He finally said, "I noticed my powers when I was ten, as I mentioned earlier, you were lucky though, your first time was safe, mine? Not so much. I killed my parents." That's where he broke off, his voice cracking, and his eyes full of unshed tears. I felt horrible, I shouldn't have pried into his life. I got out of my chair, went over to him, and kneeled on the floor, my knees digging into the plush carpeting. I wrapped my arms around him, and he leaned in a little bit, resting against my embrace. I sat there for about five minutes, whispering condolences. I didn't want to break the embrace, so I just kneeled, waiting for Michael to

calm down. When he finally did, he looked embarrassed, and said, "Sorry, I'm such a wimp around you. I swear, I've never felt this much emotion in my life... Well, since... then." Michael said referring to his parents' passing. After that, I switched to safe topics, like how long we live, and what the rules are for a half-vampire. Michael told me how we live almost twice as long as a human, that after our powers are fully developed, we age at half the rate of a normal human. I was happy about that, I mean I can do twice as much as a human could in their lifetime. Then, Michael got to the hard part, the rules, we cannot expose out identity to a human, and if we do, it's a death penalty for the human if the Leaders find out. He said that's the main rule, and the second one is no drinking blood, but since we don't have a craving for blood, and never will, that doesn't matter for us. By the time we stopped talking about this, we talked about classes and what's new. We both have a bunch of work to make up, it's going to take forever, and we also used all of our sick days for the semester. Then, I remembered what the office said when we checked back in this morning, there's a

new student, and they are going to have to room with us. When the office said that, I was confused, because me and Michael's dorm only has two bed's and fits two people. They said that starting Monday, Michael and I are moving out to go to a new dorm they just built, which has three rooms. I had mixed feelings about this, I mean my self-control is going to be put to the test, keeping me and Michael's secret. Michael said not to worry though, he'll help. Then I remembered the reason I was so worried; I still had to fake my own death by the end of the year. Michael said that I don't need to worry just yet, we still have a couple of months. Wow, all of that in one day. I can't believe I'm a half-vampire. Maybe I should have Michael refer to me as 'Half-vampire Amy' haha. I can see it now, "Can you get me a glass of water, half-vampire Amy?" and I'd reply, "Why of course, half-vampire Michael." Haha. I think the lack of sleep is getting to me, I'm going to say goodnight to Michael. Night, Amy Roseshield

Shadowynight High

Chapter 16: Nightmares

Point of view: Michael Time: 5:00 AM Location: Michael and Amy's dorm

Ugh. I hate it when you go to bed early, and then the next morning you wake up earlier naturally. What am I supposed to do at freaking five AM? That's right, nothing. Oh well, I decided that I will write considering Amy and her half-vampireness is a pretty good thing to write about. I am really happy that she is a half vampire, but I feel bad that she has to fake her death in a couple of months and move away from everything she's ever known. I think Ann will be kind of glad that she doesn't have the burden of 'the freak child' anymore though. That's basically all I have to say on that... Hmm what else? Oh yeah, the new room mate. That's going to be... interesting to say the least. I hate that it is going to be another guy, I mean, what if Amy likes him more than me? It's not like we even really have a relationship, like, romantically. Sure, we both have crushes on each other, but I haven't asked her out or anything. Maybe I'll do that before we get the new room mate so he knows she is off limits. Hmm. I'll have to think about that. The office said that he is from the same city

where Amy came from, I hope he doesn't know her. She did come from a big city, so that lessens the probability. Hold on, I hear screaming. Why is Amy screaming?! Peace, Michael Hawthorn

Time: 6:25 AM

Jeez, that scared the crap out of me, I ran out of my room with my baseball bat, ready to beat the you-know-what out of whoever is making Amy scream. I was in such a hurry, I didn't even get dressed properly, I just ran out in my boxers, and into Amy's room. When I looked around, I was expecting another student, or something, but what I saw was Amy laying in her bed, screaming bloody murder, asleep. Yeah, I rushed into her room with a baseball bat for a nightmare. My bad. So I quickly put the bat down, and shook Amy slightly. She immediately bolted awake, and blushed when she saw me in my boxers. She looked confused so I told her what happened, and I could see it all come rushing back to her. Amy's face had a look of genuine fear. I felt bad for telling her, and asked if she was okay. Amy responded, "Yeah, it was nothing." But the look on

her face told me otherwise. So, I asked again, just differently, "Amy, I can tell by the look on your face that everything is not okay. Please tell me what happened. What did you dream?" I could practically see the battle going on in her head, to tell him or not to tell him, and I hoped she would tell me; it bothers the crap out of me when people hold back. Apparently she decided the latter, and went on in detail what happened in her dream. I talked it out with her, and Amy seemed to realize how unrealistic it was, and I could see the fear go out of her eyes. Happy at her reaction, I went to hug her, but then realized my lack of clothing, and just smiled at her. Amy mirrored my emotions, and asked if I wanted her to do my hair again, because it still hasn't grown back, and I gladly agreed. I started toward the bathroom, but then Amy reminded me about the clothes issue again. I replied, jokingly, "What you don't think I'm hot?" and she just blushed and looked down at the floor. Haha, I guess she does. After I put on some clothes, I went into the bathroom for my hair appointment, completely happy. I swear, I'm going to have her do my hair everyday, it feels

amazing, and now, I don't have to hold back my reaction to it. The second she was done, I looked in the mirror and admired it, then surprised her by spinning her around, and kissing her right there, in the bathroom. Let me tell you, it was amazing. I felt like I never wanted to let go of her, but my alarm clock rudely interrupted us, beeping signaling that we were going to be late to class in ten minutes. I let her go, and she ran off to her room to change her clothes. I just stood in the bathroom, grinning like an idiot for a good five minutes, then decided I had to write all of that down before we left, so I ran in here to write. Oh, crap we need to go we have two minutes to get to class. Peace, Michael Hawthorn

Shadowynight High

Chapter 17: What Are The Odds?

Point of view: Amy Time: 12:30 PM Location: Michael and Amy's dorm room

Wow. I haven't been paying attention in class all day, I've been replaying my kiss with Michael the whole time. I'm surprised that the teachers haven't noticed my lack of attention yet. I guess I'm a good actress.

All I have to say is Michael is an amazing kisser. I think I am going to throw his alarm clock out the window so it can't interrupt us again. Haha, nah. That would be nice though. I am kind of confused though, I like Michael and everything, but I never really noticed him liking me. I hope he doesn't regret kissing me. That would suck, to say the least. Yeah, I mean, how awkward would that be, we do live together. Oh, speaking of living together, I got called to the office earlier today, and they said that the new room mate is coming early, so we are going to have to move our stuff after classes today. Fun. I really hate packing. I mean seriously? We're going to get to the new room and then have to unpack the second we get there. Great. Ew, I hate being negative... Let's find the silver lining... Oh, I know! We get bigger rooms, and I get possibly, another hot guy. Yay. I hope he doesn't know me though, because the office said that he's coming from the same town were I came from. That's going to be interesting. What if he's one of those guys who thought I was a freak? Nah, I didn't here about anyone changing schools, well aside from going to the high schools in town. Whatever. What

else happened today? Oh, Michael and I need to get food again sometime soon; we're running low. How weird, it's like living in an apartment, but you don't have to pay for anything. Well, I take that back, Ann is paying my tuition, but I'm not paying anything out of pocket. Oh, lunch is almost over, I had better go. XoXoXo, Amy Roseshield

Time: 5:30 PM Location: Michael and Amy's new dorm

Well, packing was a blast, not. I am so tired now. Michael told me to go ahead and pick my room again, but I said that I wasn't going to move in anywhere until I met the new room mate so that we could all choose. After thinking about that, Michael said that was a good idea and agreed, so, until early tomorrow, Michael and I are both sleeping in the front room. That's going to be awkward. I mean, he did kiss me this morning. Oh well, I can't take back my suggestion now. Hmm, I'm hungry. I guess Michael and I can split the last of the food. I think that we have some Mac and Cheese, and corn. Haha, maybe that should be our new tradition, eating Mac and

Cheese whenever we move. Not that I think we are going to be moving anytime soon. Oh well, I'll ask him. We could always eat out if he disagrees. Oh, hold on, there's someone at the door. XoXoXo, Amy Roseshield

Time: 7:00 PM Location: The new dorm

Well, our new roommate is here early, and oh gosh, this is going to be an interesting year. The first thing I noticed was how cute he was, then how much luggage he brought with him. After a few seconds of looking at him, I realized he looked somewhat familiar. It was the guy I saved at my tenth birthday party. I have seen him around school since then, but I never really paid attention, I normally just walked away avoiding confrontation. Now, that I took a good look at him, I realized how hot he is. After processing that, my brain seemed to click, the guy I saved at my tenth birthday party is coming to live with me. Oh crap. He introduced himself as Jacob and that fit into place with my memory. Michael introduced himself too, and looked over at me, signaling that it's my turn. Me, being the coward I am, ran into the room

nearest me. That's right, I am an idiot, I ran away from the guy I'm going to be living with instead of introducing myself. What was I thinking? I am going to be living with him, I can't just hide out for the rest of the year, gosh. Well, I feel better now that I've written it down, and I'm going to put on my big girl panties, and face my fears. Wish me luck. XoXoXo, Amy Roseshield

Shadowynight High

Chapter 18: Jealousy

Point of view: Michael Time: 9:00 PM Location: Michael, Amy and Jacob's dorm

Okay, our new roommate is here. His name is Jacob, and well meeting him was awkward, because Amy decided to run out of the room. I was torn between running after her to see what's wrong, and staying so that Jacob doesn't think we're freaks. I chose the latter, because I think Amy wanted some privacy, and I don't really trust Jacob yet. When Amy finally came out of the room she was hiding in, she introduced herself to Jacob, and he looked kind of scared. I thought that she might have already known him due

to her reaction earlier, and I was right, she went on to say that this is the guy she saved from the chandelier during her tenth birthday party. Yeah, that pretty much explained why she ran away when she first saw him. Crap. Poor Amy, having to live with him is going to be awkward. I was amazed by what she did next though, even though he has preconceived judgements about her, she let him pick what room he wanted first. How sweet is that? He chose the one on the far left, which is where the bathroom was in the old dorm. Surprisingly, he thanked her. I guess he is willing to let her make a new impression? I'm not sure. Amy told me to pick next, and I picked one of the Jack and Jill style rooms. You know, the one where it's a room, then a bathroom with another room connected to the other side of the bathroom. I was glad that Jacob picked the room on the other half of the dorm. Maybe he sensed my protectiveness of Amy? Then again, he could be hiding his fear and trying to get as far away from her as he can. Haha. I just finished unpacking, and everything is set up all perfect in my room. I am going to go say goodnight to Amy and turn in. Amy told me about out lack of food

earlier, and I guess we can all go shopping together tomorrow. Night, Michael Hawthorn

Time: 9:30 PM Location: Michael, Amy, and Jacob's dorm room

Well that was awkward, I went over to Amy's room through the bathroom, and when I walked in, Jacob was there. At first, I got ready to knock him out, if I had to, but then I realized that Amy was totally relaxed. I guess they were just talking... They were so engrossed in whatever they were talking about, they didn't notice me walk in. I cleared my throat and they both jumped, the sound startled them. Once they were looking at me, I said that I was coming in to tell Amy that we needed to go shopping tomorrow, and that I was going to tell Jacob next. Of course, I sounded like I was telling the truth but in reality, I was lying through my teeth. I thought that I did pretty well, but Amy noticed and gave me an odd look. I just shook my head telling her not to worry, and backed out of the room mumbling good night. I am so mad, I can't believe that they are bonding, I thought that he was going to avoid us or at least her

as much as possible, but there he goes, befriending her and helping her unpack. I am going to have to watch out for him, I can't have that judgmental loser stealing my soon-to-be-girlfriend. Wow, I sound jealous, but I have every right to be. Grr. I feel like I could punch through a wall right now. Then again, with my powers I probably could. Not that I was given super strength, but I think that your strength increases if you have vampire blood anyway. Grr. I'm so mad. I better go to sleep so I don't do anything I'll regret later. Like throwing Jacob through a wall or drugging him and running him over to some other state while he's asleep. Night, Michael Hawthorn

Shadowynight High

Chapter 19: Reflecting

Point of view: Amy Time: 8:00 AM Location: Michael, Amy and Jacob's dorm room

I am so glad that it is Saturday. Wow, this has been the longest week of my life. To think that I just got here six days ago. In six days, I found out I am a half-vampire, met Michael, another half vampire, met Jacob, the guy who helped me discover my powers,

and changed rooms twice: not to mention going to classes, taking tests, meeting new people, learning, and doing homework. I can't believe my life has been so hectic. Wow, my life has definitely changed. Oh, and the weirdest thing happened last night, I was just about to go to sleep since I was done unpacking, and then I heard a knock on my door. At first, I thought it was Michael, but when I said, "Come in." Jacob was there. He wanted to see if I was okay, and he actually said thank you to me for saving his life almost five years ago. I was shocked. I mean, who knew he would have a change of heart so soon? I can't believe how much more outgoing he is now too, when he was little he was always alone and kept to himself. Now, he was just talking like a normal guy, and didn't seem like he was holding anything back at all. Oh, and dang! He is so hot now! His black hair is a little long, and is like a millimeter always from getting in his green eyes, he is so tan it's unbelievable. Oh, and don't even start with his mussels, he is freaking ripped. Hmm. I wonder who has more muscle, Michael or Jacob? Maybe we'll go swimming at the indoor pool sometime and I can compare them.

Wouldn't that be heaven? I don't think the guys are up yet, maybe I'll surprise them and make breakfast... Yeah, that sounds like a good idea. I'll run down to the on campus grocery store, and get some ingredients for crepes. Sweet. XoXoXo, Amy Roseshield

Time: 9:00 AM Location: Michael, Amy, and Jacob's dorm

There, I just finished with the crepes, and I think I hear them getting up. I laid out an assortment of toppings so they can choose. I hope they like them! I haven't made crepes in a while, but I already had one and it was delicious! I am going to let the guys clean the dishes though. That'll be their payment for the food. Haha, I think I could get used to going to boarding school. Oh, here comes Jacob, and dang he looks so hot, he's just wearing his boxers and his hair hasn't been brushed yet and he has major bed head. Aww. I feel like getting up and running my fingers through his hair... Oh wait, I learned what happens after that with Michael. Haha, maybe that wouldn't be a bad thing? Nah, how awkward would that be, I

didn't offer to do his hair, and he didn't ask. Haha, he just saw me sitting here, and the cutest blush just swept over his cheeks. He is so innocent. Maybe I'll give him a nick name like that. Innocent Jacob or something that makes it an alliteration. I'll look up some synonyms later. Oh, I had better stop writing so he doesn't come and read over my shoulder, I hate when people do that, especially when it's my diary. I mean, if I wanted to share I would read aloud, jeez. XoXoXo, Amy Roseshield

Shadowynight High

Chapter 20: The Truth is Revealed

Point of view: Michael Time: 10:00 AM Location: Michael, Amy, and Jacob's dorm room

Oh my gosh, Jacob is getting on my last nerve. I walked into the kitchen earlier to see him totally flirting with Amy. He has got to learn to back off. Soon. Or else I don't know what I am going to do to him. Oh, and not like he can flirt fully dressed or anything, he is just wearing his boxers. I mean come on cheesy much? Then again, I did try to get my hair done and such only wearing boxers but that was

acceptable, I mean I was rushing into her room to see if she was okay, and waking her up and such. I wasn't walking over to get breakfast, I mean, come on... I just re-read what I wrote, and dang, I've got it bad. I have got to ask Amy out soon. I don't think I can take this much longer, and it would kill me is Jacob asked her first. What if she said yes? I would... I don't even know, all I know is it would be bad. Very very bad. Oh, I know what I can compare it to, the books all the chicks read, Twilight © or whatever? Well I read that to see what was so good about it, and it's like when Edward goes to commit suicide in Italy. That's how I would feel if Amy went out with Jacob... Hey, wait, haha, naming coincidence much? Jacob Black, and Jacob... I wonder what his last name is... Oh well, it doesn't matter. I am going to get ready and try and win Amy back, oh wait the phone's ringing. I guess I'll get that first. Peace, Michael Hawthorn

Time: 10:10 AM

Oh crap, Amy and I have a problem. The Leaders just called, and guess what they said, they did a background check on Jacob, and it brought up some

interesting stuff. It said that he was charged for some minor crimes, and that he spent some time in Juvvie. That peaked the Leaders attention, and the pulled some strings to see if he had any background with the supernatural creatures, besides the ordeal with Amy. Well, something came up, he's a vampire hunter, and he's out to get Amy. Yes, I am rooming with another half-vampire and a vampire hunter. This year just keeps getting better and better.

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Chapter 3

# Murder at its Finest

**A/N: Hello peoples! Here is the short story I wrote for my English class that I promised I would post after I got back the graded copy. Feel free to comment, fan, whatever!

<3 SarahRuRu**

Bang! Bang! Two gunshots echoed across the abandoned warehouse. The moisture in the air and the coldness of the concrete was almost too much to bare; too many stimulants for the senses to comprehend and put in their proper order in the wonder of the human mind. The gunshots only added to these stimulants.

One life ended and many lives ruined in a matter of seconds with the aid of a gun.

The murderer rushed to his beautiful victim and shut her eyes.

"Then cover, roll up, duct tape, and dump." He said to himself unknowingly saying his plans for the rest of the night.

After he finished his tasks he hopped into his generic truck, moving aside all of the trash and hunting equipment, and drove. And drove. And drove.

* * * * * *

"Natasha! Get down here this instant or-,"

"Dad, calm down, I'm here. Let's go." Natasha interjected whilst trying to placate her dad so he didn't get any more angry.

I can't believe how impatient he is. I wonder if that's what Mom was like; making ten seconds of lateness sound like the end of the world, Natasha thought while trudging through the two-feet deep snow of mid-winter Boulder, Colorado.

SLAM! The car door gave way easier then Natasha thought and she fell back into the snow as the door slipped from her grasp and shut again.

"Natasha!" Her dad yelled angrily from the other side of the car, getting impatient again.

Of course he doesn't car if I'm okay. He just wants me to hurry up so he's not late for his date with his precious girlfriend. How dare he think he can replace Mom, Natasha thought bitterly as she picked herself off of the snowy earth.

Natasha ignored the beautiful winter wonderland with it's glistening trees and snowy backdrop and hopped into her father's beaten-up Honda Accord.

Once she was inside she ignored her father's angry looks and focused on the scenery spinning past the ice cold window.

Five minutes later.

The cold melted snow had already seeped through Natasha's worn out skinny jeans by the time she walked into Green Mountain High School's main corridor. She winced at the bright florescent lights

and the escalated level of volume. Natasha avoided the bustling crowds of teenagers talking about upcoming dances and whatever was on TV last night and felt relief when she reached her locker before the bell rang signaling her lateness once again.

Natasha opened her locker with such haste that it slammed against the neighboring locker. She was about to apologize, knowing that the boy who has his locker next to hers, Nate something, would be extremely annoyed, but the Colorado Daily fell out of her locker and stole her attention before her manners could take over her piqued interest.

Woman Found Dead

By: Grant F. Cartel

HYDRA WAREHOUSE INC.-The Golden law enforcement officers are trying to determine the identity of a middle-aged woman whose body was found here Tuesday.

The light-haired woman, estimated to be approximately 20 to 25 years of age, was discovered at about 11:00 a.m. on west 44th Avenue and Table

Mountain Parkway, according to Detective Sgt. Don Marks of the Golden Police Department.

A snow plow worker plowing snow in the area found the body "laying up about 60 or 75 feet from the roadway",

Marks said.

The woman was wrapped up in a blue construction tarp with duct tape around the ends, Marks said.

The body was transported by Olinger Mortuaries & Cemeteries to the Colorado Medical Examiner's Office for an autopsy.

Precinct 4 Justice of the Peace Harold Peese said Wednesday the autopsy report revealed the cause of death as being shot through the heart, but that the woman was shot again in the stomach after her death.

Officials aren't certain how long the body had been at the site because of the recent snowfall, but Chief Deputy Livv said investigators believe the homicide occurred at the scene. "It looked like overnight, but it could have been within 72 hours," Marks said.

Marks said officials had no suspects in the case Tuesday afternoon.

"At this point, we are still looking for the identity," Marks said.

Peese said officials were alerting other law enforcement departments of the details of the case.

"We've got an all-points teletype out to all departments to see if they've got a missing person. And we're taking fingerprints to see if she's been handled before," Peese said.

A special request will be made to the FBI for assistance in speeding up the identification process, Peese said.

"Natasha! You're going to be late!" barked one of the proctors, snapping Natasha out the tragic murder's story.

"Sorry, I was too absorbed in the news," started Natasha as she tried to explain herself to the proctor, but when she looked up there wasn't anyone in the hallway.

"Never mind then," Natasha said to herself whilst shoving the news paper into her worn backpack.

After slamming her messy locker shut and twisting the dial she raced off across the building to homeroom as fast as she could to avoid getting another tardy.

I can't believe I already have five tardys in the first semester. If I get another one Dad is going to kill me, Natasha thought as she opened the door to Mrs. Harlet's classroom.

"Thank you for joining us, Mrs. Paria. Please take a seat so I can continue with today's devastating news." Mrs. Harlet barked, but then remembered to act sane at the end so it turned out sounding rather bi-polar.

"Sorry, Mrs. Harlet." Natasha said sincerely as she took a seat in the back of the classroom and ignored her classmates' snickers.

She plopped down next to Nate, ignoring the glare he shot her.

If looks could kill, Natasha thought, looking anywhere but in Nate's direction.

Mrs. Harlet continued on with the school's news and Natasha tuned her out and thought about what she had to do for the rest of the day.

Natasha was snapped out of her reverie when she heard Mrs. Harlet start talking about the murder.

"...It was very devastating and the police are looking for any leads. They know how small Golden is and they think that someone might have some information. If any of you know anything about the case please go to the GPD after school or call them with the toll-free number I wrote on the board. All tips can be made anonymously.

Now, we are going to be working on a project that will increase the community's awareness about the dangers of smoking," Mrs. Harlet continued but Natasha tuned her out again as she went back into her reverie.

Who would do such a thing? Murder is horrible. Think about all of the lives that were impacted by her death. She could have done great things. Whomever killed her needs to pay. I hope they find

the murderer and give him a life sentence, Natasha thought venomously.

Besides, who would murder someone in the middle of a town that's barely a speck on the map? Natasha thought, wondering why they would choose middle-of-no-where, Colorado of all places.

"Natasha, class is almost over and it looks like you didn't hear a thing Mrs. Harlet said the whole class period." An annoying voice interjected breaking Natasha out of her trance-like state.

"Thanks for pointing out the obvious, Nate." Natasha said sarcastically while gathering up her stuff.

Nate bit his tongue, literally, to hold back his own sarcastic remark.

"Later," Was all he ended up replying as he walked out the door.

Maybe I shouldn't have been so mean to Nate; he only meant well, then again we've never been friends; might as well keep it that way. Natasha thought, trying to think of a time where Nate and her ever got along.

"Natasha Paria, Natasha Paria, please report to the front office." the loudspeaker crackled and Natasha's ears perked up at her name.

I wonder why I need to go to the office; I didn't do anything, Natasha wondered, her heart skipping a beat.

Oh well, I might as well see what they want, Natasha thought resolutely.

Moments later.

"Hello, Miss. Paria. Your neighbor, Mrs. Finch is here to inform you of some bad news. You are excused for the rest of the day." The friendly-looking secretary said looking at Natasha with a solemn look on her face.

I wonder what happened. I hope dad's okay. But what could've happened? All he did is meet his precious girlfriend, Natasha thought, her brain going off to whatever tangent it could trying to find a reasonable explanation for what her neighbor could be waiting to tell her.

"Hello, Natasha dear," started Mrs. Finch, walking into the cramped school office and ignoring the peeling paint and gray trampled carpet. "I was walking to the mailbox at the end of the street today when I looked over at your house. You see your father was supposed to come over to my house and help me move my new chair to the upstairs. So, after I retrieved my mail, I went over to your house. I knocked on the door and waited and waited, but to no avail; your father never answered.

So, I walked around back to get your spare key and check on your father. Well, when I walked in, I saw a ghastly sight; your father laying motionless on the floor.

I called 911, and your father was pronounced dead at the scene. He is going to be taken in for an autopsy. I am here to collect you and take you home.

You are not aloud into the kitchen because, well, they say it's a crime scene. They think your father's death might be connected to the one in the paper today; I'm sure you heard about it." Mrs. Finch ended little spiel

with a sigh and looked at Natasha, waiting for her reaction.

Natasha took a while to process the information, her features relaxing at first, then a concentrated look came upon her.

Mrs. Finch toyed with her graying hair and adjusted her sweatsuit; still waiting.

"Y-you mean," Natasha started, but took a breath so her voice could stabilize. Once she thought she could speak she continued, "You mean my dad, is-is d-d-d-d-,"

"Yes, your father is deceased." Mrs. Finch confirmed, and then added, "I'm sorry for your loss." so she didn't seem completely heartless.

Natasha's face paled, which was an interesting sight on a half-Hispanic child, and Natasha took a seat on one of the plush-cushion-y chairs lined up against the wall.

"No honey, I am supposed to take you home; not watch you sit in shock. Come on, time's-a-wasting." Mrs. Finch said a stern look upon her face. She didn't

want to watch Natasha sit shell-shocked, she wanted to return to her home where she felt safe, where murders couldn't lurk in the corners.

Mrs. Finch put her boney hand around Natasha's arm and hoisted Natasha off the chair with surprising strength for an elderly lady.

"Ow," Natasha muttered, and started for the door before she could be man-handled by her dotty old neighbor again.

"That's a girl." Mrs. Finch said encouragingly a hint of a smile coming over her face.

I wonder what the secretary thought, Natasha briefly wondered as she walked without really watching where she was going.

"Here we are, hop on in." Mrs. Finch said, gesturing to her beat up car.

Natasha opened the door and sat down without thinking, her mind trying to protect her from the information she didn't want to accept.

Ten thoughtless minutes later.

"Home sweet home." Mrs. Finch muttered to herself whilst stepping out of her car. She stared at the two story suburban house like an infant staring at their blanket. Her home was a sense of security for her.

Natasha thought for a while, but she couldn't come up with a time where Mrs. Finch was on vacation, or even outside for a long period of time. Heck, she hardly ran errands.

Ever since Mr. Finch died from a heart-attack, Mrs. Finch stayed holed up in her home, trying to stay away from danger.

The only exception was when she went jogging to keep her heart's health up.

"Thanks, Mrs. Finch." Natasha called, being polite.

"You're welcome, dear." Mrs. Finch called out sounding like a good grandmother gone horribly wrong. "Call me if you need anything. I'm sure someone will come and look after you." Mrs. Finch added, trying to sound neighborly and falling short.

Yeah, sure, like you'll be much of a help, Natalie thought, being passive aggressive. Her mood becoming increasingly sour by the second.

The zombie-like Natasha walked across her frozen grass and unlocked the door with her key she kept in her pocket.

She flinched at her reflection in the door's glass, her brunette hair was every-which-way and her eyes lacked emotion. Her normally tan, glowing skin looked sickly. Natasha ignored her appearance and pushed inside her home.

The second she was inside she heard the police at work in the kitchen.

Wow, how didn't I notice the cars? I really must be out of it, Natasha thought, amazed at her self-absorbed state.

Natasha climbed the stairs slowly, counting each step in her head. Her mind focused on the task at hand and blocked out all the negative thoughts that were trying to penetrate her brain.

Once Natasha reached her room she flopped down on her bed sending stuffed animals everywhere and fell into an unconscious state, shock over-taking her body.

* * * * * *

Daughter,

I'm sorry that I don't know your name, so I will call you daughter for now. I recently learned that my fiance has been lying to me. She said that she had a miscarriage when she really sent you off to adoption. By the time you get this note I will have spent years and years of double checking to make sure you are the one. My daughter.

My fiance, your biological mother, has been taken care of, and so have your 'parents'. First your 'mother', and finally your 'father'. We are now free to live our life together without liars.

I am sure your 'parents' didn't tell you about your adoption, or you would have found me by now. Unless you don't care. In which case, you too will pay

the price too. But don't worry, it won't be as horrible as your 'parents' and biological mother's.

I look forward to meeting you. Do not give this note to the police or show it to anyone else or I will be forced to get rid of all evidence. That includes you.

I am coming for you, daughter.

Father Dearest

Natasha read the note for the umpteenth time.

There's no way this is possible. Life isn't like some stupid murder mystery. You've got to be kidding me. This has to be some sick joke, Natasha thought, her mind spinning in shock.

It had taken her long enough to recall the previous day's events, and accept her father's death, and now this?

Natasha tried to find some logical reason behind all this seemingly impossible drama.

After sitting for a few hours Natasha thought of what she had to do.

There's no way I'm letting this crime go unsolved, I know I'm not Nacy Drew or Sherlock Holmes or anything remotely close, but I will get to the bottom of this, Natasha thought resolutely.

After getting ready, she gathered up her phone, wallet, keys, and library card, her plan fresh in her mind.

I can do this, Natasha thought, and headed down the stairs.

"Where are you going?" A gruff voice said, interrupting Natasha's run through of her plan.

"Uhm, to the library? Why?" Natasha replied, extremely confused.

Natasha really wanted to yell, 'Who's in my house?' or 'Why are you here?' but she bit her tongue, not wanting to feel like a fool if she knew the person.

"I'm Mr. Souza. I'm here to make sure you stay out of trouble. Sorry for not properly introducing myself earlier." Mr. Souza said walking into the room and extended his hand towards Natasha.

Souza? Why does that sound familiar? Souza, Souza, Souza..., while thinking, Natasha took in Mr. Souza's appearance:

Short dirty blonde hair, tall, muscular, wearing a pair of dark-washed jeans and a plain white T-shirt, middle aged... Natasha listed off in her head, taking him in.

Why does he seem so familiar? Natasha wondered, trying to place him, Oh, oops, I had better shake his hand.

Natasha reached out and shook his hand gingerly.

Mr. Souza was about to say something but in came another voice, whining, "Dad, do we really have to be here? I know you have a hero-complex and all; but there has to be boundaries. You can't save everyone."

Wait, why is that voice so..., Natasha started, but Nate walked in disrupting her thoughts.

"Nate?" Natasha blurted out, startled.

"Oh, hi, Natasha." Nate said, sounding perfectly at ease even though he had a confused expression on his face.

Jeez, is he ever caught off guard?, Natasha wondered.

"I see you two have met." Mr. Souza stated, sounding pleased.

"Yeah, she, um, goes to my school." Nate finished, trying to make it sound like Natasha and him actually got along.

Wait, why is Nate here? Souza! That's why it's familiar; Nate Souza! Wait, we hate each-other; how are we supposed to get along? Natasha thought as a new load of stress entered her system.

"So, Nate, do you think you'll be able to keep an eye on Natasha for me?" Mr. Souza asked, looking like he just invented the wheel or something.

Crap. How are we supposed to get out of this?, Natasha wondered mentally.

"Uhm, well, I kind of have this prior engagement-," Nate started, but his father cut him off.

"So it's settled then. Thanks son!" Mr. Souza said cheerfully ignoring his son and walked away with a spring in his step.

"Uh, yeah, that's exactly what I was going for, Dad." Nate said sarcastically as his father walked away.

"Well I'm going to the library to check up on some stuff. You can do whatever. Bye." Natasha said, just wanting to escape the hostile atmosphere.

"Wait, no, you heard my Dad; I'm coming." Nate said, jogging to catch up with Natasha who was already half way out the door.

"Suit yourself." Natasha said sarcastically whilst shrugging her shoulders and started walking towards the library at a brisk pace.

Nate and Natasha walked in silence for twenty or so minutes when Natasha started shivering.

"Cold?" Nate asked, actually concerned.

"Does it matter?" Natasha retorted venomously, not used to his niceness.

"Just wondering if you needed my jacket." Nate clarified sounding annoyed but just as persistent.

"I'm fine." Natasha said being flat-out rude.

So they walked in silence.

Ten tension-filled minutes later.

"Here we are." Natasha said and walked up to the library doors.

Nate quickly raced ahead and held the heavy wooden door open for Natasha. Natasha walked on through, not even thinking about thanking him. She took notice though.

Why is he being so nice all of a sudden? Natasha wondered, suspicious.

"Excuse me, do you know where the previous years' news papers are?" Natasha asked the lonely looking librarian all 'pleases' and 'thank yous'.

"Yes, they're over there my dear," the librarian responded gesturing to the micro fiche machines. "Do you need me to show you how to operate the machines?" she continued, trying to be helpful.

"No, I'm good, thank you." Natasha said as sweet as an angel.

Nate followed behind, glowering. His face practically had 'why can't she be that nice to me?' written on it in big bold letters.

Four work-filled hours later.

After explaining to Nate why she was here, Natasha went through every possible article and news paper that her biological mother could have been in. Four hours later, Natasha had the information she needed, and she was exhausted.

Nate had been as generous to bribe the small town cops, his dad's friends of course, to tell him the name of the woman who was killed.

Once he had returned, he helped Natasha search through every possible micro fiche.

"Okay, I got everything I need." Natasha stated, taking one last look at the micro fiche.

"Alright, I'll just put these back in their places." Nate said, being quite the gentleman. He put everything away in record time.

"Thanks," Natasha said, actually grateful for once.

"No problem." Nate responded looking happy that she was finally happy for once.

Don't get too used to it, Natasha said mentally, I'm only being nice for now. Then it's going to go right on back to our hateful relationship.

"Almost done, one last stop." Natasha said to Nate with a puppy dog look on her face.

"Fine." Nate said looking exhausted, but happy to help, besides, who can resist a puppy-dog face?

I wonder what's going on? I thought we hated each-other; why is he being so nice? What did his dad tell him about me? Nothing too bad, I hope; all the other students think I'm a freak already, I don't need anymore rumors flying around, Natasha wondered, starting to get a little paranoid.

She brushed the thoughts out of her mind, well tried to, and exited the library, Nate in tow.

Several blocks later.

"Hello, I am Chief Deputy Livv. My secretary said you two have some information about the murder case."

"Yes," Natalie began, and the story unfolded from there. Natasha tried to keep herself as emotionless as possible, and succeeded through the whole story.

Nate waited in the waiting room to bare witness himself. He raked a hand through his choppy hair and hoped Natasha was okay. He knew she had gone through a lot, and that she was really strong through it all. He didn't know how he would react if he was alone in the world. She needed all the support she could get, even if she wouldn't admit it.

Nate regretted how mean he was to her, and felt a wave of shame over take him when he couldn't even come up with the reason why he was so mean and unfair to her. They never actually had a reason to hate each-other.

Three months and many legal papers later.

"Please rise for Judge Justize." The bailiff commanded to the court room.

Everyone rose.

Natasha sat through the whole procession zoning out. If she thought about what was going on she was afraid she would break into tears and not be able to stop. She still hadn't accepted what happened to her family.

Nate sat next to Natasha, resisting the urge to hold her hand and try and comfort her. He had tried to get past the wall she put up over her emotions, but hadn't be able to so far. He wasn't going to give up. She needed him.

Nate found out he had a hero-complex, just like his father. The apple doesn't far fall from the tree.

Natasha realized that hanging around Nate wasn't the worst thing in the world, and actually started liking him, although she wouldn't admit to it.

Maybe I'll let him help me after all. Maybe he can help me through this; he's lasted this far, Natasha

thought amazed at his patience, Maybe I can learn a thing or two from him.

Mrs. Finch learned not to be so paranoid, came out of her house more often, and started foster-parenting Natasha whilst trying to treat her like her own daughter.

Natasha got used to the funny old lady, and actually enjoyed her company.

Tony, Natasha's biological father, was found over by Wyoming state lines, and was immediately taken back to Boulder, Colorado for his trial.

Natasha saw the striking resemblance between her and her father and promised herself she would be a better person than him.

Natasha's adopted father's funeral was held on the first day of sunny weather and half of the town showed up. Natasha tried to visit his grave every week and felt bad that their last words to each-other were so hateful. She apologized profusely to his grave every time she visited and left a flower or two from the neighboring flower shop.

Natasha's biological mother had a closed-casket funeral a couple weeks before Natasha's adopted father, and Natasha attended, regretting that she never met her mother. She also tried to visit her mother's plot.

The whole town of Golden, Colorado, learned a lesson on the first snowy winter day: appreciate what you have, you don't realize it's full value until it's gone.

Natasha's mind snapped back to the court scene in front of her just in time to here her father's sentence.

"...and we find Tony Dean Sustantivo guilty of to two counts of second degree, pre-meditated, murder and is sentenced to a life sentence without parole or bail.

Court dismissed."

**A/N: Hello peoples! Here is the short story I wrote for my English class that I promised I would post after I got back the graded copy. Feel free to comment, fan, whatever!

<3 SarahRuRu**

# About the Author

**SarahRuRu**